

# The Youth's Instructor

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J. C. ALLEN

## Bringing up Parents

by Vivian Nelson-Smith

NO one ever needed to remind Miss Elizabeth's class that it was three o'clock on Tuesdays or Thursdays. That was story time, fifteen minutes set apart for heart-to-heart talks that were always of interest. But this story was different. It went along well until Miss Elizabeth came to the part about the soup. Then she gulped through a sentence or two, choked a little, and left the room a minute for a drink. From then on they were all just a little uneasy lest she choke up again. But she didn't, and at the end of the tale even the more boisterous boys laughed quietly.

"When Grandfather and Grandmother Jones first came to stay with their son John and his family, they found a genuine welcome. Grandmother helped take care of

Junior, and grandfather helped about the yard. John's business grew and grew, until one day they moved into a large house furnished in grand style. A hired girl came, and a gardener, and less and less room was found in the new home for the old folks. Grandmother did have such queer ideas! And grandfather was always more likely to take off his shoes than his hat when he came indoors. It was their table manners, however, that tried the young people most. Salad forks and bread-and-butter plates were entirely out of their line. They had never used 'sech stuff' back on the farm. Why should they do so now? But the way they supped and wheezed over their soup—that was the worst of all!

"Finally a small table was arranged for them in the kitchen, and two wooden bowls replaced the china. The old folks quietly found their places here each mealtime and during the in-between hours kept out of the way. It seemed to be a fine arrangement.

"One day John came upon Junior sitting on the back porch steps, whittling away with his brand-new knife.

He watched the boy for several minutes with fatherly pride, and then asked: 'What are you doing, my son?'

"Oh, just making a wooden bowl for you to use when you come to live at my house,' was the answer.

"That night and ever after, Grandfather and Grandmother Jones ate with the family."

The story being ended, the pupils took out their homework and left the room in order, wondering that the teacher did not stand to dismiss them, nor call after them her usual good night.

Elizabeth had chosen the story for a purpose, but she had not expected it to come back like a boomerang to her own heart. That morning the principal had come in to talk over some church matters with her. (*Turn to page 6*)



# Let's Talk It Over

I WAS riding on a streetcar the other day when a conversation going on in the seat just behind me, caught my attention. The young people were evidently students, and I gathered that both had received permission to spend that particular evening at the city library, in pursuit of source material for some particular assignment. One had been exactly where he had said he was going, and done exactly what he had said he would do; the other hadn't been near the library, but he *had* seen "a swell picture," and now he wanted the studious friend's notes to copy. The friend objected.

"How long do you think you can keep up this movie business and not get caught?" he asked.

"Me? Get caught?" And the youth who spoke more expressively than grammatically laughed a laugh that didn't sound so good.

"Yes, *you!* And 'get caught' was what I said. Don't you know going to the movies or theaters of any sort is against the rules of—"

"Of our beloved Alma Mater," interrupted his seatmate, with another laugh. "Certainly I do, but I should worry. *I'm* too smart to get caught!"

"Oh, is *that* so? Well, you aren't smart enough to get this notebook dope I boned all evening to dig up! I'm getting off here! He started for the door, then turned back an instant to add: "And by the way, I wouldn't be *too sure* about not getting caught. Things like you're doing always trip a fellow up—just when he least expects it!"

THERE is more truth than poetry in that last statement. There are rules of right and wrong and square dealing—with God and with our fellow men—that are absolutely inflexible. The individual of any race or age who is rash enough to break them—no matter how "smart" he is—must pay the penalty. And don't make any mistake about it—punishment surely comes!

LOCAL citizens call it "The Rock." The world calls it Alcatraz. It lies just inside the Golden Gate, a mere dot in the bay that separates San Francisco and Oakland—two of California's outstanding cities. It is twelve acres of bare stone trimmed with gray concrete and toolproof steel. In fact, its terraces and buildings make it look from a distance like an enormous battleship, but as you

see it from the deck of a passing ferryboat, you—shudder! For here Uncle Sam keeps men who broke the laws of the United States, who once thought they were "too smart to get caught," and who, when they found themselves in regular Federal penitentiaries, thought they were "too smart" to stay there. Now, hidden away on Alcatraz Island, surrounded by complete isolation, hard work, and strict discipline, they—wonder! And gradually the inescapable truth comes forcibly home to them that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

No prisoner is ever sentenced to this, "one of the world's most scientific prisons." Only when a convict who is paying the price of his transgression elsewhere becomes a menace to guards and fellow prisoners, is he brought here. The transfer is made at the direction of the Federal Prison Bureau, and with such secrecy that even the United States marshal at San Francisco does not know what prisoners arrive or when they come. Department of Justice men guard the train on its trip across country; at no stop is any one allowed to approach within fifty feet of the coaches where those bound for Alcatraz are riding; then finally the cars are run aboard barges, and suddenly they are approaching a little wharf rising out of the dark, swirling water.

THE new arrivals are taken ashore in squads. They cross the wharf in single file and halt before a very small booth at the foot of a high retaining wall. A painted box sits in the ground beside it, and the men entering must pass between the box and the booth. But first they are asked to empty their pockets of *everything*. One man says, "I'm clean," and starts past the booth. A guard inside, looking at something overhead and not at the prisoner, remarks, "This fellow has still got a batting average." Another guard begins searching. Pockets, shoes, seams in his clothes, hair—not a thing is left to chance. At last he thrusts a pair of tweezers into the man's ear and brings out a short piece of watch spring wrapped in a brown cigarette paper. The guard in the booth signals, "All right," and he passes inside this prison from which it is recognized there is no possibility of escape until the prescribed penalty has been paid. The insignificant-looking painted box contains such a

delicately poised instrument that it indicates *even the least trifle* of metal which passes within its magnetic field.

ONCE inside Alcatraz, behind chrome-steel bars and bullet-proof glass, with signals and guards and automatic alarms on every hand, the newcomer is fingerprinted and photographed, searched again, numbered, and given a uniform of prison gray. His four-by-eight cell is within sight of guards who walk back and forth armed with submachine guns. Work is assigned—but it is performed under guard and in silence. Meals are adequate, but whether you like it or not, you "clean your plate, or go without that meal next day." Talking is allowed in the mess hall, but only to the men at the same table, and must be confined to the necessities of eating. Silver tanks hang to the ceiling above the tables. Each is full of tear gas bombs, which can be released by push buttons within easy reach of the guards pacing the gallery.

Visitors? Once—just *once* in four months—one visitor! The room where they meet is equipped with mechanical detectors and alarms quicker than the human hand or eye. A guard—armed, of course—stands behind every visitor, and each convict is separated from his caller, as they sit on opposite sides of a table, by a sheet of plate glass reaching to the ceiling. They must communicate with each other through an arrangement which acts as a loud-speaker, and only for forty-five minutes!

Mail? Yes, occasionally, but the rules concerning letters written are strict and explicit and the space allowed is small. Letters received are delivered typewritten with dotted lines noting deletions—for no *news* from the outside world is allowed to reach the inmates of Alcatraz.

On "The Rock" time seemingly stands still! And the men have ample hours—more than enough of them—to meditate upon the folly of breaking laws.

THERE's no doubt about it, friend o' mine. You may be "smart," but remember—"the eyes of the Lord are in *every place*, beholding the evil and the good," and "all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do."

Lora E. Clement



# A Bird's-eye View of WORLD HAPPENINGS

by  
T. M. French

**E**AGER eyes have been scanning the political situation during the past few weeks in anticipation of a new world war. Especially has this been true of our young people in Europe. With the specter of another conflagration looming large on their horizon, naturally the youth, who furnish the sinews of war, have been thinking most seriously.

At the very mention of war, the mind, with a shudder, turns to the days of 1914 and following. Well I remember those hectic days. The British Union Conference was in session at Battersea, South London. We were in the midst of England's capital city, with its rapidly moving events. A more seething, nationally inflamed mass of humanity I had never before seen. On that fateful night when war was declared, thousands crowded Trafalgar Square and the streets and roads leading to that historic place. Taxis were filled and bus tops were covered with men and women infuriated at the violation of Belgian neutrality. Flags were waving, and from thousands of hoarse throats the cry for war was sounding.

After the declaration of war from Buckingham Palace, about midnight, England settled down to the grim reality of a conflict which was to drag on for over four long years. Millions were drafted into her armies. Other millions were called to service in Europe. The clash of arms sounded on the Continent, and from the front-line trenches the wounded and dying were loaded on trains and rushed to the English Channel ports.

Then there came those terrifying nights of Zeppelin raids over the cities of England. A most brilliant spectacle indeed it was to see the hundreds of searchlights playing on those great dirigibles as they dropped their missiles of death on the inhabitants of London. Shrapnel bursting around four of these sky ships was a picture never to be forgotten. The mad rush of thousands to the underground railways for protection, men beating their breasts for fear, women, with babes in their arms, screaming for help,—these tragic scenes live in one's memory for years after. And yet those experiences are not to be compared with what Europe faces today, with improved, armored airplanes greatly multiplied, and with

other modern machines of warfare. No wonder fear seizes the hearts of her millions as war again seems imminent.

The outbreak of hostilities between Italy and Ethiopia has brought another Continental conflict perilously near. The threat has come especially close to England. Her lines of ships plying through the Strait of Gibraltar, along the southern Mediterranean, through the Suez Canal, passing south in the Red Sea, and out of the Gulf of Aden to the Far East, has been threatened by an ambitious Italy. At least it has appeared so to the British government. Consequently, battleships, armored cruisers, torpedo-boat destroyers, airplane carriers, submarines, and other warcraft of Britain's powerful armada have been patrolling this lane for commercial ships.

This precaution on the part of her neighbor has been regarded by Italy as a threat; so countermeasures have been taken. A great Italian army has been massed in Libya on the Egyptian border, which has appeared to imperil England's protectorate. Italian submarines have entered the Red Sea. Points in the Mediterranean have been heavily fortified. And it has seemed from time to time that war was inevitable between these two nations. But this acute situation has been overshadowed somewhat by a larger development in the continent of Europe itself.

The League of Nations has become involved to a certain extent. Ethiopia, as well as Italy, is a member of the League. The League is duty bound, by the compact, to resist an unprovoked attack on a member. Naturally Ethiopia appealed to this body for assistance. This put the peace league to the test. First, the controversy between the two was carefully weighed, and finally Italy was declared to be the unwarranted aggressor.

The League was then confronted with the question of what to do with the attacking nation. The embargo on arms for Ethiopia was raised, and since then munitions of war have been pouring into this African territory. Next a boycott of Italian goods and prohibition of the sale of certain goods to Italy were considered, and measures adopted to bring economic pressure to bear on her. This involved fifty-two countries in direct economic conflict with Italy. These measures are deeply resented by the Italian people. The outcome of this is yet to be seen.

Events are moving rapidly today, and it is not known how soon the world may be plunged into last-day scenes pictured by the Bible prophets. Joel, you recall, saw that all the na-



*Imagine That!*

THE WASHINGTON POST



tions would prepare for war in the last days. He witnessed, with the prophetic eye, these nations gathering to the valley of Jehoshaphat. The seer of Patmos viewed the same event in vision from the rocky isle of his exile. He saw all the nations of earth assembled at Armageddon, when this earth's history culminates in the great battle of the day of God.

Our Saviour scanned the coming ages when He was here on earth, and vividly described our times. He declared that there would be "distress of nations, with perplexity; . . . men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth." Surely we are in the days of which He spoke.

But today is characterized by a very paradoxical situation. While war preparations are feverishly prosecuted, the cry of peace is upon the lips of the nations. The very League organized to maintain peace is involved in a conflict to enforce its decrees. It would appear that this supposed instrument of peace is rapidly developing into a means of involving all the member nations in war; for if they must resort to military sanctions, war seems inevitable—and indeed inevitable for the more than fifty nations belonging to the League. No doubt this is the time to which the apostle Paul referred when he said: "For when they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them; . . . and they shall not escape."

And this accounts also for the apostle's preceding statement: "For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night." Suddenly the events of the end will come upon the inhabitants of the world. However, we need not despair, for he adds this word to comfort: "but ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief."

Taking another look at the situation among the nations, we turn our eyes toward an interesting drama going steadily forward in the Far East. We have watched Japan take the old Chinese province of Manchuria and form it into the state of Manchukuo as a Japanese protectorate. We have seen her thrust into Jehol and on toward Mongolia; and now we witness that militantly aggressive island kingdom carving out an empire for herself from China proper. Her armies some time ago occupied northern China. The plan of setting up an autonomous state under Japan's supervision is steadily going forward, and it is expected that she will eventually bring the great giant of the East fully under her control. These ambitious movements of the Sunrise Kingdom naturally give new significance to "the kings of the East" that are to come up to the battle of Armageddon.

We might trace other interesting events among the nations, such as the recent developments among the Mohammedan peoples, the struggle for Mongolia and Turkestan, but let us now turn to some of the less warlike happenings of the day.

We are reminded of the ancient Babel builders, in their attempt to erect a tower to heaven, by the recent flight into the stratosphere. Of course the balloonists reached a much higher altitude than did the builders of Babel. They ascended to the dizzy height of nearly fourteen miles, where the sky darkened from a deep blue to an inky black. This is the highest any man of our day has ascended. The flight conducted by Capt. Albert W. Stevens and Orvil A. Anderson, and sponsored by the United States Army and the National Geographic Society, had for its objectives some very important scientific investigations. Delicate instruments were installed in the gondola for testing air pressure, the temperature, light, the arrival of the cosmic ray, etc. Photographs were taken at various altitudes, which will be carefully studied. Quantities of rarefied air were obtained, and will be analyzed.

But when we consider the immensity of the universe, fourteen

miles is not very far away from the earth, and man is still greatly restricted in his movements from this planet. The day is not far distant, however, when, if faithful, we shall soar to worlds too far away to be seen by the human eye, and view the handiwork of God throughout the vast universe.

The Philippines recently elected their first president under the new plan of the United States for ultimate independence of the islands. A quarter of a million inhabitants gathered for the inaugural ceremony. It is the purpose of benign Uncle Sam to assist the Philippines into self-government, and if the experiment is successful, at the end of ten years the islands will be entirely free. Much misapprehension is felt on both sides of the Pacific as to whether this new commonwealth will be able to maintain herself alongside powerful and covetous neighbors in the Far East.

Much discussion is being had today concerning changes in the Constitution of the United States. Certain decisions recently handed down by the Supreme Court have challenged the legality of recovery methods of the New Deal. These were received by the President and his advisers with much disappointment and have led to proposals to rewrite our American Constitution. It is unfortunate that this has become a political party issue. While we as Seventh-day Adventists have held ourselves aloof from party affiliations, yet when it comes to as important a matter as changes in the Constitution, there can be no doubt in the mind of every liberty-loving citizen as to what to do. Our Constitution, with its guaranty of religious and political liberty, must not be altered. The founders of this nation knew how fickle humanity is, and they wrote into that great document certain safeguards which must not be discarded.

European nations which have of late changed from constitutional governments to dictatorships give us ample illustrations of what may take place in our own land if the form of democratic, or republican, government is set aside. In some of these European countries religious liberty has been denied, the freedom of the press destroyed, and oppressive measures enacted. It behooves us now to cooperate with our denominational efforts to enlighten the public as to the principles of religious liberty.

The season just passing has been marked by violent hurricanes and monsoons. It is said that the season for hurricanes in the region of the West Indies has continued much longer than at any other time in recent history. These disastrous storms have ravaged the islands, and the coasts of Florida, taking many lives, and destroying property worth millions of dollars. (Turn to page 10)



## Circles

by

Clifford A. Russell

There are widening circles of friendship,

That lave some distant shore  
With gentle ripples like heartthrobs  
Born in the days of yore.

For the world is but a circle  
Which our loves go sailing 'round,  
And on its wide circumference  
Their barks are often found.

There are narrowing circles of friendship,

Protecting with bars and locks  
The dearest of all life's treasures  
In its priceless jewel box.

'Tis the inner circle of friendship,  
Enclosing each precious gem—  
The diamonds and jewels and sapphires  
Which make up its diadem.





# LOST and RESCUED

by

Tyler E. Bowen

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*"I will arise and  
go to my Father."*

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ONE day a friend came into my office and related the following very interesting experience his son passed through in finding his way back into fellowship with his Lord. This friend formerly lived in Colorado. His son, who had known the third angel's message, drifted away from the love of it little by little. The father's heart so yearned for his boy, who planned to come east, that he decided to sell his farm and come with him. They intended to open a garage in some Eastern city. Both took studies to fit themselves for this line of work. As they were right on the point of establishing their business, the son, of his own volition, suggested to his father that this was not the kind of work they ought to do.

The father then decided to go south, but the son chose to remain in the East. Before leaving, however, the father took special pains to have a serious talk with his son, pointing out particular dangers he should avoid, and the need of giving his heart to God. The son finally told him, as they were seated in a beautiful park overlooking a lake, that there was no use to talk with him further, and asked him not to worry about the matter any more. He felt he had wandered so far away from the right path that the Lord could not forgive him and again accept his service. The father's heart was very sad as they parted, but as he had done what he could to rescue his boy, he must now leave him in the hands of his loving heavenly Father.

After locating in the South, he bought a mill with which was con-

nected a little store, where soon he was carrying on a thriving business. He wrote his son, but received no response to his letters. One night, about three o'clock, he was awakened with the impression as distinctly made upon his mind as though a voice had spoken, saying, "You had better get up and pray for your boy. He is in great danger of taking a fatal step." Aroused from sound sleep in this manner, he asked himself, "What does this mean?"

But he felt very sure that it was a call from God to prayer, and so he arose, dressed, and quietly left the room and went over to the store. There behind the counter he poured out his heart in prayer to God, asking that He would save his dear boy. He does not remember all that prayer, but recalls distinctly petitioning that God would show his son that he was lost, and that an angel might be sent to rescue him in this crucial hour of his experience.

Three days afterward he received a letter from the son, the contents of which rejoiced his heart. The first sentence was, "Father, I am now a Christian." Then he went on to relate his recent experiences. He said:

"After you left I began to feel miserable. I sought relief in every way I knew. I went to this place and that place, trying to shake off the sense of my guilt and my lost condition, but no relief came. Finally I went to the same places we visited the last day you were here with me. When I reached the park and sat down upon the bench where you talked with me, giving me such good

advice, I thought I would find help. But instead I found that being there only made me the more miserable. After remaining awhile, I started down through the park, little caring where I went or what became of me. In fact, the thought flashed into my mind that I might as well put an end to it all in the lake.

"As I left the park, something seemed to say, 'Turn into this street,' so I turned, still caring not where I went. Before going far, I saw a woman on the street with papers under her arm. As I came up, she asked me if I would not like one. I immediately recognized the paper, the Harvest Ingathering *Watchman*. I took one, and we engaged in conversation. I asked her if she knew the location of the Seventh-day Adventist church. She said, 'Yes,' and pointed over in the direction of my lodging place. I had been to the church we attended before you left, but found the congregation had moved.

"I decided to go to church the next Sabbath. The day came and I went, but when I reached the steps, something came over me, compelling me not to enter. I gave way and left, only to become more miserable than ever. So I resolved that the next Sabbath, I would certainly go! On reaching the church the second time, the same aversion to entering came over me in an overpowering manner as I started up the steps, and I again turned away and left.

"The next week I became desperate, and solemnly resolved that with God's help, I *would* attend the Sabbath services. I went early, and although I had the same experience at the entrance, I went in and took a seat quite well toward the front.

"The church began to fill with people coming to Sabbath school. I watched the door, and was particularly impressed as a man entered. He came up the aisle and took a seat near me. I was so impressed with his bearing, and especially with his face, that I could (*Turn to page 10*)



# BRINGING UP PARENTS

by Vivian Nelson-Smith

(Continued from page 1)

"We need a new elder," he said simply, seating himself atop the nearest desk. "Have any ideas? Mr. Carter isn't well, and doesn't feel he can carry on the work another year. All the other members who are eligible seem to have offices of one kind or another."

"Why not consider Frank Peters?" she suggested. "I don't know any one more sincere and earnest. He should be the very man for you."

"We've asked him already. He won't take it."

"He won't? Any particular reason?" she inquired in surprise.

"Yes, it seems foolish, and yet I think I can understand. After I urged him past several superficial excuses, he told me the real reason. It's because of his boys."

"Jack and George? Their father being church elder shouldn't make any difference to them!"

"That's what I said. I was wrong," the principal continued. "It's because they are so critical of the way he stands up before the church. He says it just makes him so self-conscious he can't remember what he is doing. Then they make all the afternoon unpleasant telling him how he should do this or that—and emphasize that his tie was crooked or a lock of his hair out of place. I never realized those youngsters were that kind. They are so manly and polite about the school."

"It is hard to believe. They never make any trouble, and there aren't two boys who are better sports on the playground. Something should be done about it," Miss Elizabeth declared.

"You might be able to do the necessary *something*. Don't let them know what you are up to, though, or their father would probably hear about *that*!" he laughed.

"I have it—I'll tell the class a story!"

"Fine. I'd better be going," he said, sliding off the desk. "Well, good morning, George and Jack! I nearly bumped you out of the doorway."

"Good morning, sir!" they had said. Then with a rush up to the teacher's desk they had exploded with, "O Miss Elizabeth! Do see our scrapbook! It's all about airplanes. Here's a real snapshot of Lindbergh, and here's a picture of the first plane that ever flew the Pacific! And here and here and here—"

Miss Elizabeth had absent-mindedly commended them on their work. Honor, yes, plenty of honor for him who first wings over the ocean. But

little or no honor for that young man and woman of not-so-long-ago who founded a loving little home, winged the storms of many a business panic, and as parents so warmly welcomed these very boys to that little home on Front Street. She recalled how bright they had been as babies, how clean and neat Mary Peters had kept them, and how proudly the young father walked about with them evenings after his day's work was done. And now—this!

For her schoolroom worship, the teacher had read but one verse, and that without comment, lest she betray her purpose:

"Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The whole incident would have quickly passed with the end of the story if it hadn't been for the soup.

Soup! Wasn't there something familiar about the way the old man and woman of the story wheezed over

their soup? Miss Elizabeth remembered it well now. The children and other teachers had left, and only the swish of the janitor's broom in the hall broke the stillness of the empty schoolhouse. Deep color flooded her cheeks as the painful memory took shape.

"Please, mamma,"—it was herself speaking,—"let's not have soup again tonight. You know how much noise papa makes when he eats it." Then came visions of another day when she had stormily left the table just because of the soup, hoping by such means to show her father how very, very ill-mannered he was. To her knowledge he had never learned the lesson. Then there were days before company came when she would caution him please not to call for his dessert before the others had finished the main course. She recognized now what she had never noticed the long years before—that the guests were always spellbound by the quaint stories father told, and were altogether unconscious of his etiquette.

Mother had been a little more patient under the tutoring likewise thrust upon her. Every day she would practice her grammar. Spelling went well too, but when it came to "finance" and other necessary good forms, what an unruly pupil she had been!

The smartest girls at the academy had big heavily built trunks in their rooms. With their shiny blue or black enamel and generous metal strips they were just the thing to decorate with a pillow or two and use as a settee. Naturally that was the kind Elizabeth had wanted when she and mother started off to town the week before she left for college.

When the elevator in the department store had lifted them to the fourth floor, she spied a whole row of the beauties. Did the sign say fifteen dollars? But mother had promised! After carefully choosing between black and blue, Elizabeth noticed her mother and the salesman off to one side looking over the ugliest peanut-butter brown trunk! "Eight dollars and fifty cents," she heard her mother repeat in relief.

"But that one isn't a bit pretty. I'd be *disgraced* to have *that* in my room!" she had gasped desperately.

But after a little delay the salesman received the money, and she turned away in tears.

Miss Elizabeth's frown lightened as she remembered how suddenly that bubble of self-pity had burst. The blackboards at the end of the room faded, and in their place stood the old Alma Mater and the broad steps of the girls' dormitory. She saw herself lugging a heavy suitcase up those steps and telling the baggage boys just where to bring her trunk. One of them kindly pointed to a small placard tacked beside the door. She read:

(Turn to page 12)

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## FATHER

by

M. Mae Carberry

If there's any one worth loving,  
Father's such a one, I say.  
All the poets sing of mother,  
Which is proper, but I pray  
Let's be thinking somewhat too  
Of our father's love so true.

He it is who late and early  
Toils that we be clothed and fed;  
He is worrying over payments  
While we're fast asleep in bed,  
Yet our thanks are often small,  
Or they're not expressed at all.

He is ever thinking, planning  
For the good of one and all,  
Giving up his joys and pleasures,  
Answering our oft selfish call;  
But of him there's little said,  
Or it's left until he's dead.

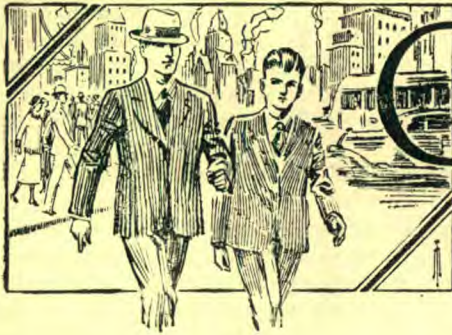
Could we not be always loving  
To our father? do our best  
Now to spread his path with roses  
Ere his tombstone reads, "At Rest."  
Try more smiles and fewer frowns,  
Make his life more ups than downs.

Do not be afraid to praise him,  
Trust him, love him, treat him right;  
If he's proud of you, be worthy,  
And your life will be more bright.  
Here's to Dad, let's all agree  
That his life more joy shall see.

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# On the King's Business

by Robert C. Strickland

## *An Early Morning Visit*

SABBATH afternoon is the part of the day in which Pastor and Mrs. Grayson make numerous brief calls at hospitals and other medical institutions. Since George did not care to make these rounds, he left the visiting folk at the entrance to Telfair, and taking Virginia with him, strolled across the common and down through the park. Before they knew it, the hour for the Missionary Volunteer meeting had arrived. The lad from Columbus was much pleased with the program given by the young people of the church. The dialogue, "Straightening Out Mrs. Perkins," was of especial interest, because it set his mind working along lines that had not disturbed him much heretofore, and the musical numbers were delightful.

Sundown came ere long, bringing its group of happy Harvest Ingathering solicitors, with their paper-wrapped cans, to the house of God for prayer. Then away they went, two with a chaperon to this corner in the business district, another two with their chaperon to that block, three to this popular store, and others to take up their positions about the entrance to some amusement house. Wherever the people thronged, there the cans were held up and soft voices said, "Pardon me, sir. Many are suffering tonight. Won't you please give something for missions?" "Good evening, ma'am, an offering placed in this can will help scatter gloom and bring sunshine to some suffering soul. Please help!" George liked the simple appeal of the tiniest worker of all. She merely held up her can, while her sweet voice entreated, "Please give something to missions."

At nine-forty-five, when the contents of their cans were counted, the littlest girl had most of all.

The Mill Haven car had almost reached the end of its line, when a shrill blast from the whistle of some near-by industrial plant startled George out of his slumbers. "What is this place we are going to visit?" he asked sleepily. "Not a cotton factory?"

"No, George. Things over here are placid in the extreme. It is one of the most beautiful and interesting places about Savannah. People call

it the 'Hermitage,' because the site on which the old mansion now stands was once owned by a man who lived a hermit's life. The property has been in the hands of the present owners—the McAlpines—since 1819. The old house that you will see was built between 1830 and 1840, of brick that was made by the slaves right here on the plantation."

From the end of the car line, a brisk eight or ten minute walk brought them to the estate. Passing the old mansion at the hour when morning mixes the black of night with day, producing a gray that is both uncertain and fleeting, the visitors walked down to the riverbank, and there discovered a rowboat that some one had pulled up out of the water and left unchained. A few tugs pushed the craft into Savannah River's muddy waters, where it rode safely. Drawing oars from the floor of their flat-bottomed craft, the preacher and his young friend soon found an abundance of fresh air and exercise.

"What is so interesting about this old place?" George inquired as he pulled manfully for the island shore, not so far distant, thereby demon-

strating the fact that this was not his introduction to rowing.

"What I know is altogether second-hand, just like most other knowledge that we get from books," Pastor Grayson replied. "It is said that on the plantation was operated the very first railroad within the limits of the Empire State of the South. On every side are the ruins of former splendor. You will see the disintegrating mansion, the crumbling slave huts, shadowed by massive trees that have stood through the varying vicissitudes of the years. But the hospital long ago yielded to the ravages of time, as did the house of the overseer, where orders were given to the numerous slaves. Here, in the old days, was a brick-manufacturing plant. Two kilns, widely separated, were connected by a stretch of railroad track, on which a four-wheeled truck that was covered with a canopy, was pushed from kiln to kiln as occasion demanded. Thus was won for the plantation the reputation of operating this 'first railway.'

"All the work of the place was in the hands of slaves. I am informed that at the time of Mr. McAlpine's death, there were 172 of them on the plantation, 16 in his city home, and 39 others under the command of his children, making a total of 227 in all. These workers laid every brick in the plantation buildings, and performed whatever other tasks were to be accomplished about the place."

"How did he get along with so many dependents?" George wanted to know, and then observed, "He must have had a hard time keeping them straight."

"Doubtless his business fully occupied the good man. But, of course, it was to his financial and other interests to keep the slaves well and strong; therefore every precaution was taken to guard their health. Owners of valuable animals give their property constant care. In the case of the slaves, who constituted a large part of their master's wealth, it was much more important that they enjoy good treatment, else their value as producers would so decrease as to affect seriously his financial interests."

"But the Negroes surely had a hard time back in those old days of slavery, didn't they?" remarked George.

**The Story:** Out for an early morning swim at Tybee Beach with his little daughter, Virginia, Pastor Grayson, in charge of the Seventh-day Adventist church at Savannah, Georgia, meets George Duke, a young man who attended a series of evangelistic meetings the pastor had conducted several months before in Columbus. Their acquaintance was renewed with mutual pleasure, and when he learned that the Duke family was just on the point of leaving for home, Pastor Grayson invited George to spend a week or two as a guest in his home. He accepted with delight, and on the trip back to Savannah, entered upon the first of a series of experiences which completely eradicated from his mind the idea that preachers have "an easy life," and during which he learned the Scriptural proof for the outstanding doctrines held by Seventh-day Adventists. An automobile wreck in which a Mr. and Mrs. Howard, the victims, were ably assisted by the pastor and his guest, brings up the subject of the inspiration of the Bible and the power of prayer. A pastoral call, a prayer meeting, and another swim at Tybee make clear to George the importance of prophecy and the meaning of Daniel 2; and then the young man goes Harvest Ingathering with his host, and is amazed to learn of the far-flung foreign mission work carried on by the small denomination to which Pastor Grayson belongs. Airplanes very definitely impress upon his mind the reality of the ministry of angels to human beings down here on earth, and then the proper spirit of Sabbath worship and observance is discussed.



"There's no question about that," agreed Pastor Grayson, "but it is recognized that a great deal which has been written on this subject, seeking to benefit these unfortunate people, has been drawn from the imagination and passed out to create wrong impressions. This is the way in which some people handle the teachings of the Scripture: Wrong conclusions are drawn, and then, regardless of the facts in the case, these are persistently taught, leading many deluded souls away from the truth."

"Speaking of the Bible reminds me of a question that has been on my mind since we talked about the saved folk living on this earth," George said. "Doesn't the Bible say that when Christ comes, the righteous will go up to meet Him, and then after that 'ever be' with Him?"

"You probably refer to 1 Thessalonians 4:15-17," the preacher suggested.

"Well, then, how can it be, since the righteous do go to heaven, that they are to make their home in this earth, 'made new,' as you said?"

"Do you remember, George, when it is that the righteous go to heaven?"

"Yes, they go when Christ comes the second time. All the good dead are raised out of their graves, so that they with the righteous living are caught up together to meet Him in the air," he replied.

"What else happens at the time Jesus comes back to the earth?"

"All the wicked will be killed by the brightness of His coming."

"And how many people will remain alive on the earth?"

"Not a soul. The holy people will all be with Jesus in heaven, and the wicked will be dead."

"For what purpose does Jesus take the saved up to heaven? Do you know?"

"Why, no, I don't know any special reason. I suppose they go there just

to live, as people live in their homes."

"That is the point of interest, George. The saints will have a very particular and important task to perform during the time they are living in heaven. The Bible tells us that they are to judge the world. (1 Cor. 6:2, 3.) They live and reign with Christ exactly one thousand years. During this period, all the wicked are dead upon the earth, because only the righteous were raised to life in the first resurrection. The rest of the dead do not live again until the thousand years are ended. (Rev. 20:5.)

"And during this time, the whole earth lies desolate. Consequently, Satan will be lost, so to speak. He cannot tempt or annoy the just, who are in heaven beyond his reach; nor can he control the wicked upon the earth, for they are dead. The devil and his host of angels will be bound (Rev. 20:1-3), not with fetters, but by these circumstances which he cannot alter. The second coming of Christ, the resurrection of the holy ones, the ascension with these of the living righteous, the death of the wicked, actually put a period to his work. These conditions, then, which bind him, must be changed before he can be loosed.

"At the end of the thousand years, the wicked will be raised in the second resurrection, and the New Jerusalem, with the saints redeemed from the earth, will descend to this old world (Rev. 21:2), thus dissolving the chain of circumstances that bound Satan, releasing him to carry on his work of destruction and ruin. Immediately he goes out to deceive the nations (Rev. 20:8), and having won them to his way, will then lead them up against the camp of the saints,—the New Jerusalem,—where they hope to wrest from the redeemed their possessions in the Holy City. (Rev. 20:9.) While they are thus marshaled before the capital of the new earth, fire comes down from God out of heaven, destroying all sinners and all sin, purging the world and making it free from everything that mars the creation that Jehovah intended in the beginning to be perfect and without blemish. Here, then, upon this same planet, the saved of all ages will live. The picture is painted for you in Revelation 21, Isaiah 65, Isaiah 35, and in many other passages of Scripture. The righteous do go to heaven at the second coming of Christ, but not to remain there through all eternity."

"It is plain now, thank you," George agreed, "but I was a bit puzzled over it before this explanation."

A few minutes' rowing brought their boat back to land, where they sprang out to meet a grinning colored man, who saluted them with his genial, "Mornin', suh, you-all been fishin'?"

(Turn to page 12)

# JUST ONE STEP

by

J. L. Brown

**D**ID you ever see a river stand on its edge? Well, just have a good look at the picture, and you will see one.

For about five miles the mighty Uruguay River, which forms a neat boundary line for a long distance between the states of Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, literally stands on edge, seeming to be almost squeezed to death by the two states. Before it reaches these narrow quarters it spreads out over one thousand to two thousand feet and has an average depth of about ten feet. But when it reaches the five-mile stretch shown in the picture, it seems that neither state wishes to allow it more space, so it is forced to rush at great speed through a crevice, in many places only three feet wide.

Men have tried to measure the depth of the river at this point with weights and bars of iron. But the task has been impossible. The water power is so great that a heavy bar of iron is twisted into a ball. The waters rush and crush and crowd in their hurry to reach the open country where freedom awaits them.

The believers in the great second advent are to my mind like this river. They have to go through a narrow path. Each drop of water might represent a believer. Each drop must



About 15 kilometers from Macelino Ramos the large rivers of Uruguay and Pelotas rush through a channel.

remain with the body if it expects to crowd through with the body to "the land that is very far off," where there will be quiet and calm again after the awful crush and rush of this life.

Many times it seems that the onward rush of our "waters" would be given no space, no room at all. From one side crowds in pleasure in its stately form, as pretty as nature's endowments to beautiful Brazil, while on the other side this people is pressed by so-called reforms of one kind or another (Turn to page 12)





*Ready for the Start to Liumba Hill*

# MARCHING

*With the*

# MESSAGE

*in Northern Rhodesia*

by R. M. Mote

*Photos by the Author  
and D. S. Williams*

## *En Route to Liumba Hill Mission*

GWA-HAYI! Gwa-hayi!" the paddlers shouted as we left Nalolo for Mongu, our next stop. "Let us go home! Let us go home! Yes, let's go home." Home, though only a pole and *daga* shelter, is a precious haven to the African, and these paddlers had been away three long months. They had worked from sunrise to sunset, and would receive only twelve shillings and sixpence (\$3 U. S. A.) each, for the trip. But they had been very faithful boys; so I gave them some food and a few extra shillings. They had listened to the gospel story many a night around the campfire, and now they were going home to tell their families of the soon coming of Jesus. Some of the boys had already asked: "When will you send a teacher to our village?"

After camping overnight at the river's edge, we arose early the next morning and, with a few carriers, walked nine miles to Mongu, the government center of Barotseland. After having interviews with the administrator and secretaries of the various departments, we arranged for a machila train of sixteen boys to carry us across the sandy vlei to the home of the paramount chief, ten miles distant.

We arrived at his village in the evening, and stopped at a trading store, where we ate our meals and stayed for the night. Also letters were written to the chief secretary, announcing our arrival and making arrangements to see the prime minister and the paramount chief.

At nine the next morning we heard the thum-thum-tud-tud-thum of a drum. Our native pastor informed us that this was a call to court; so we hastily prepared to go. The court was situated on a sandy hill, one of those hills where one takes two steps forward and slides back one. But we found a path filled with straw, and here traction was better. We slowly wended our way through numerous villages to the hilltop, where we found not only the court, but the \$12,000 mansion of the paramount chief.

The *Ngambelle*, or prime minister, invited us to court. The first case was that of a woman who was

brought by her brother. Her husband had left her six years ago and gone to the mines. She had not heard from him since, but according to native custom, she could not marry again until permission was given by the court. Her case was heard and discussed, and the desired permission was given her. Both she and her brother *shoelelad* (did homage) by squatting and rising. The woman made a shrill noise which, we were informed, was a tribute of thankfulness for the favorable decision.

A messenger informed us that the paramount chief would be glad to see us. We left the court, accompanied by the prime minister. The paramount chief greeted us at the entrance of his mansion, and we were invited into the drawing room and given seats on a beautiful, upholstered settee. We were now in the presence of Yete III, he who is above all in Barotseland, he who has the strength of a lion, he who is mighty as the elephant, the king of all beasts.

After we had met the modestly attired companion of the paramount chief, and talked in general of world conditions, he called for his court. The prime minister, the secretary, and all the court officials came crawling on their knees and clapping their hands, for no Barotse would dare speak to the great chief standing. After every sentence spoken by the chief or to the chief, there is an interlude for the clapping of hands. Finally all were seated on the floor at the far end of the drawing room on mats.

Pastor Imasiku was allowed to interpret for me, and I spoke for an hour on the belief and work of Seventh-day Adventists. The chief and his court asked many questions, and at the close of the sermon invited us to open our work in as many districts as we could enter. This was a definite victory, for another mission society has, for fifty years, held complete sway over all mission activities here, and has not allowed any other society to enter this district. Now the paramount chief and his court threw the country open to Seventh-day Adventists. As we received this permission for which we had long prayed, we were reminded of the words penned by John the revelator: "I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people,



*The Paramount Chief's State Barge*



saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come: and worship Him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters."

No sooner had the news of our visit and the invitation the paramount chief had given to our society spread abroad, than the other mission society that has long had full control in the Barotseland plains sent a delegation to interview the government officials and urge them to have the paramount chief recall his invitation to Seventh-day Adventists. The paramount chief answered, when the matter was brought to his attention: "I want my people to know the Sabbath message. I cannot withdraw a permission that I have just given."

We could only thank the Lord for His goodness and His wonderful works toward the children of men.

Returning by machila to Mongu, we arrived late in the evening. We then walked another six miles to the barge we were taking to the Liumba Hill camp meeting.

The first day out of Mongu brought us up the Little Zambesi to the Great Zambesi River and down to the Loan-ginga River, on which we were to travel to Kalabo. This river is noted for its singular curvatures. It is said that at one point, a full day's travel will bring you within a half mile of the camp you left in the morning.

After a twenty-six-day journey by river barge from Livingstone, we arrived at the government camp at Kalabo, a distance of eighteen miles from the Angola border. Again we bartered for machila boys, who carried us across hills of sand to our youngest mission, known as Liumba Hill, or God's Hill.

Missionary S. M. Konigsmacher trekked through this country and established the mission among the Mbundas in 1928. About the time Missionary Konigsmacher arrived, an old chief had four dreams. He saw some people dressed in white come out of his garden, enter the bush, and disappear. He was so afraid that he crawled back to his village on his hands and knees. The missionary told him that "those must have been school-boys." And so the mission was established, and some of his sons came to the school.

"When we arrived on the mission site," says Missionary Konigsmacher, "we found a nice hill overlooking the vlei, with a beautiful river just at its foot. God saved this place for us. The government refused to build their camp there on account of its being a little too far from the larger river. A trader refused the site, for the small river, blocked with paper plant, made it impossible for him to send out his grain. The natives refused to build on the hill, for some of their dead were buried there. At one place was a table with the bark cloth still hanging on it.

"When we returned from the village to our camp, we called the headman and told him not to allow any one to cut down the trees on the new mission site; for it is the custom for the Mawiko people to cut down great patches of forest, burn the trees for fertilizer and plant in the ash. The headman and his brother went away and got some white clay. They daubed the white clay on their head and arms and gave me the royal salute, for I sealed the compact by giving them a blanket.

"When we returned to build, we first dug the foundation for the church. When they were digging, they found some bracelets and bones. I took these, put them in a tin, and buried them again in a little cemetery near by under the trees.

"We then hoed a path to the village, and soon the people came, and had no more fear of the spirits of the dead

which are buried on Liumba Hill. It was actually converting a graveyard into a mission. As we had no school building, day by day the children would gather under a tree, and we conducted school."

By using Picture Rolls, Missionary Konigsmacher soon interested the people in the stories of the Bible; songs were translated into the vernacular; and today we have here a prosperous, growing mission.

The Mbundas are one of the most backward tribes of Northern Rhodesia. Contented with loincloth and blanket of bark, they live a happy life, fishing and working in their cassava gardens. The women have a filthy style of braiding their hair in a mixture of clay, grease, and cow dung. On a hot day the grease streams down their necks and the odor is simply—well, you know the rest! This habit, with tobacco, drink, polygamy, and superstition, is laid aside as the gospel of salvation enters their hearts.

Nearly four hundred people attended the camp meeting, and fifty were baptized. The total church membership at Liumba Hill is now one hundred fifty. Surely God has blessed the services of Missionary and Mrs. Konigsmacher. A feeling of sadness fell over the mission when he broke the sad news of his permanent departure. What a needy field! In this district alone 75,000 people are waiting to hear the third angel's message, that brings hope, comfort, and cheer to hearts that have been wrestling with gross heathenism.

We left the station without European leadership. Its future we do not know. If funds were available, this no doubt would become one of our most fruitful fields. But we must say to them, "Wait!" Oh, how we need men and means!

Leaving Liumba Hill Mission, we were homeward bound. After three months' absence, with poor postal facilities, one wonders how things are going. At Sesheki, a two-day journey from Livingstone, a telegram was received, telling of the critical illness of Mrs. Konigsmacher, who died shortly after her husband's arrival at the Cape. Other letters told of other workers who have had to leave the field because of illness. Yes, every worker is giving his best to the Master.

Our pioneers are dropping out, one by one, but the fruit of their labors is demonstrated by the ripening harvest. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."

(To be continued)

## Lost and Rescued

(Continued from page 5)

scarcely keep my eyes off him. I finally ventured to say that I was a stranger here. He remarked that he also was a stranger.

"During Sabbath school, some little question arose over a certain text, and the superintendent and a class member presented their different views. Then this man spoke and quoted a text that cleared up the difficulty in a way satisfactory to all. As he was a stranger, I wondered that he should enter into this argument, but said nothing. Presently he turned and looked me squarely in the face. It seemed to me he read the very innermost secrets of my heart. O father, that look of love and kindness I shall never forget! My heart was won. Not a word did he speak—just looked. Before Sabbath school closed, he arose and quietly left the church. I am fully convinced that if this was not the Lord Himself, it was one of His angels sent to rescue me."

Then the letter ended by relating how he had entered upon missionary work, and by telling of his happiness in helping to spread abroad this precious third angel's message that had now become so dear to his own heart. He had connected with a tent effort, and was acting as tent master, working with literature during his spare time.

Little wonder that the father's heart was filled with rejoicing at this news of his lost boy. And we cannot but think how this Harvest Ingatherer's heart would likewise rejoice could she but know how God used her, in that hour of crisis in this young man's life, to turn his feet into the pathway of life, and enlist him in soul-saving service for the Master.

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## A Bird's-eye View of World Happenings

(Continued from page 4)

The monsoons in the Far East were especially severe this year. The Philippine Islands have been heavy sufferers. On some of the eastern islands our people have experienced the marked protection of God. Their crops, houses, and church buildings were spared from destruction. It is good to have divine protection in these days of calamity.

Great surprise was felt by American people at the recent earthquakes in this country, especially in places where such visitations were unheard of before. Helena, Montana, was several times visited by severe shocks, which did much damage to residential dwellings and business houses. Following, a shock was felt across the Northern States and was quite marked in New York. Scientists immediately predicted other quakes in the same territory.

These disasters by land and sea remind us of the statements made by our Lord. Concerning the last days, He said (we quote from Matthew 24 and Luke 21): "For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places." "And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity. . . . And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory."

Not nearly as important are these events among the nations as is the marvelous advancement of the third angel's message among the countries of the world. The signs of Christ's appearing are stirring the people of earth to inquire as to the meaning of present-day happenings. The gospel message is winning in places difficult to reach heretofore. India's barriers are giving way, and the multitudes there are breaking with ancient customs, and pleading for the light of truth. Seventeen thousand people have flocked to a single camp meeting in Central Africa. Entire islands in the Far East have turned to the worship of God. Evangelistic efforts in Argentina and Chile are meeting with marked success. Our books and periodicals are winning people to the truth of God for this time in many parts of the world. The work which Seventh-day Adventists represent is going forward in the face of persecution and hardship, in Europe. Thousands are being won to the faith in America, where the advent truth has been preached for so long.

The significant happenings in our day and the victorious march of the advent message into all the world, are a mighty challenge to the youth of this denomination. Many lines of endeavor are beckoning our young people to service in saving souls; and a rich reward awaits those who prove faithful in service and in Christian experience.





# Just for JUNIORS



## The Reward of Disobedience

**B**OYS, I want you to understand that you are to obey orders this time and go to bed immediately. Do not linger." Thus spoke the father in a stern voice.

The boys, sensing that he was in earnest, replied meekly, "Yes, father."

"Come, mother, let us be going," he said, turning away, and at that the parents left the house.

This scene took place many years ago in a typical peasant home in the southern part of Russia, along the shores of the Black Sea. Teretina was a large village four miles in length, having one main road, with the houses built on either side of it, and a large Lutheran church in the center. The dwelling places were substantially built of stones and clay, the back of each one being partitioned off by a clay wall for a stable. The remainder of the building was divided into just two rooms, a bedroom and a kitchen. The ceilings were made of tremendous beams and clay, so that the top story of the house could be used for storing straw and threshed grains. Many times chaff or a few stray kernels would come sifting through some little crack or crevice of the ceiling, into the kitchen or bedroom below.

The three boys, left in such a home alone, with all good intentions to fulfill their father's command, made preparations for going to bed. Several times before this, the parents had left home for a short time, leaving the boys alone, and when they returned, they found things in a sad state of confusion.

On one such occasion, when they sent the children to bed, barely had the door closed when the youngsters were out and at a lively game of hide-and-seek. One of the boys hid under the table, on which stood two lighted tallow candles. As he bounded out during the excitement, he upset one candle. Some of mother's newly spun cloth lay beside it, and this caught fire, but they were playing so

by  
Elsie Roth

hard that for some time this was not noticed. When they did realize what had happened, the fire was put out. But, of course, the material was ruined. On another occasion, when the parents were not at home, the boys went up into the storehouse and entertained themselves by pelting each other with the threshed grain. Valuable grain was wasted in this way, and their father severely reprimanded them for such mischief. So before leaving this evening, he had warned his sons that if they got into any kind of mischief, they would receive severe punishment for it.

The boys went to bed with very little hesitation, and after a short conversation, they ceased their talking. Since the three had to sleep in one bed under a feather quilt, it sometimes became very uncomfortable for the poor little fellow who happened to be squeezed in the center.

"Hey, Peter, move over, will you?"

"I am over. How far do you expect me to go—out on the floor?"

"Well, far enough so you don't touch me, 'cause I'm 'most baked," Johnny urged.

"Aw, well, forget about it and go to sleep; then you won't be too hot."

He turned over and did try to forget it, but sandwiched in between two bigger brothers, he was most uncomfortable. And it was not very long before the silence was again interrupted.

"Peter, won't you change places with me, please—just for a little while?"

But Peter refused and remained firm, and all the pleadings of Johnny were in vain. The other brother, Henry, was

soundly sleeping and unaware of poor Johnny's plight.

At last the little-middle-one made a final desperate effort.

"Peter, if you won't let me sleep on the outside for just a *little while*, I'm going to give you a real hard kick, and then you'll see where you land," he threatened.

Seeing that Peter did not take the hint, Johnny put some action into the scene. In a minute the feather quilt was thrown back, and the promised kick was given. It was such a tremendous one that Peter really did land on the floor. And he was greatly annoyed.

At once he arose from the floor and stated his intention of giving Johnny a good beating. But Johnny, realizing what his fate would be if he stayed in bed, bounded out and darted past Peter into the kitchen.

It was Christmas Eve, and the boys had been anxiously waiting for that festive day to arrive; for Christmas was one of the few great occasions in Teretina. It was about the only time of the year that their mother baked white bread instead of the coarse dark rye bread. Instead of a cake filled with different nut meats and fruits, a cake called "kuchen" was made out of the white bread dough, placed in pie tins, and filled with a sweet custard.

Preparations for the joyous holiday on the morrow had been made. Mother had cleaned the house thoroughly, and given the earthen floors a new brushing of a clay and water paste, a process which was repeated every time they became worn. She had also made the white bread dough into loaves and lined the tins with kuchen, setting them on the table, so that by the time she would return, later in the evening, they would have risen sufficiently to be baked. Beside them was the mixed custard, all ready to be poured into the kuchen. It was very seldom indeed that the table in that humble Russian kitchen was bedecked with so many good things. Indeed, these poor people saved everything possible during the year in order to obtain just a few of the luxuries for the great celebration at Christmas.

"I'll cool you off," shouted Peter to Johnny, and at this he gritted his teeth, clenched his fists, and made a desperate effort. However, Johnny was so nimble and clever that he managed to keep just out of Peter's reach, so on and on they went, round and round the two small rooms. But instead of Johnny's cooling off, as Peter had predicted, it was Peter who had this experience, for gradually his wrath cooled and his shouts of anger changed to laughter and merriment.

With all this racket going on, Henry was roused from his peaceful slumbers, and as the chase seemed to be so inviting, he joined it. On and on they went, completely forgetting their father's warning, and taking no heed of the ruin they



## WHY

by

Tillie Jackson Tullett

I'VE never had a medal  
For beauty, charm, or wit;  
But I've discovered something  
Which puzzles me a bit.

I've looked the people over,  
In stations high and low;  
And I would rather be myself  
Than any one I know.



were bringing to their mother's carefully cleaned floors. Back and forth, from the kitchen into the bedroom, and around and around they went until the three were quite exhausted. Then they climbed into bed, all quarrels and strifes forgotten, and soon dropped off to sleep, Johnnie on the outside and Peter in the center.

Scarcely had the boys returned to bed and gone to sleep, however, when the parents returned. The mother was, of course, planning to bake the kuchen and bread. But as she entered the room, she realized that her plans were completely frustrated. Her beautifully cleaned floors were spoiled. The boys had run back and forth so many times with their bare feet that the new clay carpet was all worn off and a great film of dust covered every article in the house. Still worse—there on the table stood the kuchen and bread, taking in all the dust and dirt that was present in the rooms. The plates of thin kuchen dough were gray, and over the custard was a layer of dust.

The father went in and awakened the boys, and sternly asked them what they had done during the hours they were alone. Johnny was the first one to confess his disobedience, and the others followed his example.

The father was silent for a few moments. He did look so disappointed. Then he said, "I will not punish you by whipping you, because you have inflicted a greater punishment upon yourselves. There will be no kuchen for Christmas. You have ruined it, and we cannot afford any more."

My own grandfather was one of those little boys, and to this day he still remembers the lesson of the kuchenless Christmas.

## Bringing up Parents

(Continued from page 6)

"POSITIVELY NO TRUNKS IN THIS BUILDING. PLEASE UNLOAD HERE."

Thus it was that all the swanky blue and black trunks, together with her humble peanut-butter one, spent four whole winters in a dark trunk room without so much as a peek from any of their adoring mistresses.

One week end, mother came to visit. In the dining room on Friday evening they had strawberry shortcake. Mother ate hers with a spoon. Not another in the whole dining room had made this choice of silver; so afterward Elizabeth suggested tactfully that next time she should use a fork. She would remember, she said.

The next day they ate Sabbath dinner with a minister and his wife, long-time friends of the family. Again came the shortcake and out came mother's spoon. Elizabeth gave her a little nudge and mother nudged right back. Elizabeth nudged the second time, displaying her fork showingly. It was then that she noticed every one else was using a spoon!

Miss Elizabeth wished this might be the happy ending of all these unpleasant memories. But there was one more lesson she could not forget, the last lesson she had ever tried to teach her mother. Two days before a scheduled week-end trip, one of the home apartments unexpectedly became vacant. Mother, ill for a month, was anxious to rent it at once. "Don't you think you could stay home and clean it?" she asked. Elizabeth had tried to point out the importance of needed vacations, and suggested rather sharply that some one could be hired to clean it if there was such a rush. But mothers (and fathers) have a way of never learning such "lessons." Children might as well take them for all the true gold they are worth

and let them go at that. For when Elizabeth came back the apartment was shining bright and clean, but mother was worse.

Father had said apologetically, "She just *would* wash those windows." Four weeks later they graduated mother from all her earthly lessons beneath a heap of flowers.

The room had grown a little dark, and the tears that fell to the desk glimmered in the reflection from the hall light. There was nothing to be done about it now. After all it was herself who had learned the greater lesson, and thinking it over, she knew mother would have it so. But her father. He was still with her. She could make it up to him!

Heavy, regular footfalls resounded in the hall. "Ready to go home, Elizabeth?"

"Thanks so much, papa. It was so nice for you to come for me tonight." And later, she added, "What would you really like for supper tonight?"

"Do you think you could make some good soup like mamma used to cook?" he asked hesitantly.

## On the King's Business

(Continued from page 8)

A few words and a coin satisfied the old man, the owner of the boat they had confiscated; then away the two went to inspect the mansion. Here George was surprised to see that the north side, facing the river, was an exact duplicate of the front that looked south toward the road. After inspecting the interior of the building, they passed on to the ruins of what was once the hospital. This structure, formerly two stories high, had housed properly equipped wards for men and women, where needed help was promptly given to the colored members of this so large family.

It was especially interesting to George to learn that the physician who attended the master's family at the "Big House" was under yearly contract with the McAlpines to make daily visits from the city to the plantation, that both master and servants might have competent medical attention. On the first floor of this building the old "mammies," too advanced in years for work in the fields, cared for the babies whose mothers labored about the crops. These mothers, however, were called in from their tasks at regular intervals to nurse their infants and to partake of nourishing, healthful foods, which were supplied in abundance.

Leaving this interesting spot, they next visited the huts which were occupied by the slaves. These three-room brick structures, originally built in two hollow squares, one square on each side of the road, were removed from the mansion by a distance of a hundred yards or more.

Just back of these huts—really they were cottages—each slave had been permitted to use a plot of ground, on which he could raise chickens, flowers, or vegetables, according to his desire or taste. Any money received from the sale of such products was always considered the property of the toiler himself.

In order that the work might be carried on promptly and satisfactorily, an overseer superintended the several tasks, and sometimes it became necessary to administer punishment. But in this chastisement, at least on this plantation, no semblance of brutality was permitted, and should grievance arise from this or any other cause, the injured one had ready access, at stated hours, to the presence of the "Old Massa," who invariably sent him away pacified.

The affection which must have existed between the servants and their masters

and mistresses on the McAlpine plantation can be deduced from the fact that the women and children were always safe, even through those dark, unpromising years of the 60's, when the white men were away doing military service. However, the enforced emancipation which was unceremoniously thrust upon an unprepared people, wrought changes which we had better not discuss.

McAlpine never broke up family ties by sale or in any other way. The slaves were considered, to a degree, as members of his own family. However, there was a line which none ever sought to pass. They had a pride of family, and this pride was evidenced in the class of work done by the laborers about the premises and in the construction of buildings—especially of the old mansion itself. Every appointment (the building was designed by the owner) spoke of culture and skill, of painstaking thought and execution. Even the mantels and interior furnishings would yet attest to this pride in labor, had not the soldiers in General Sherman's army destroyed them during their occupancy of this coastal region.

Aboard the streetcar on the way home, George frequently looked at his hands, where great round blisters kept him reminded of the strenuous rowing in which he had indulged, and doubtless had much to do with his decision to spend the day in the park, reading, rather than to accompany a group of ingathering workers on a field trip. However, the puffy little mounds on his fingers and palms seemed to have little effect on his healthy appetite, for he did full justice to a breakfast—it was still early morning—of orange juice, toast, cereal, eggs, potatoes, and preserves.

(To be continued)

## Just One Step

(Continued from page 8)

which make the passage more difficult. But just as it is impossible for two states with two Gibaltars crowding together to stop a large river from reaching the ocean, so it is and will be until the end of time, impossible for mountains of difficulties, such as persecutions, revolution, and wars, financial crises and even religious and calendar reforms, to stop the onward march of the people of God to the sea of glass.

Take, for example, the children of Israel, who in type represent God's people today. They left Egypt in riverlike formation and wound around through desert wastes, canyons, and mountain crevices. Finally, they reached the impossible, impassable place—mountain cliffs on one side, a deep, foaming sea on the other, with a powerful and enraged army in pursuit on the side of apparent escape. Still, since all things are possible with God, the children of Israel went forward at God's command. The sea gave way by standing on its edge to make a watery canyon with a dry bottom.

Again this people reached the swollen Jordan. They must cross over to reach the Promised Land. It was necessary to step forward in faith and give God the opportunity to again do the impossible—stand the river on its end for a long enough time to permit God's people to cross over into Canaan.

There is just one step across the great Uruguay River at this point. And there is only one step from sinner to saved. Remember, "The just shall live by faith." Take this one step and faith will carry you through the narrow crevices of discouragement, between mountains of difficulties, and over boulders of sin to the heavenly home.





A Column in the Interests of Philately  
Conducted by Merwin R. Thurber

## Maps With the National Park Stamps

THE other day one of our young collector friends came into the office all enthusiastic about a new idea he had for mounting the National Park stamps. It was a good idea, and we didn't blame him for being excited about the prospects. We believe you will share his enthusiasm.

Here it is in a nutshell: Mount the National Park stamps, one to a page, with an outline map of the United States, showing in red the location of the park. Now isn't that a nice project to work on?

Of course you are wondering how you would get a map of the United States onto the album page. It's really very easy. Just trace it. You have to use a blank loose-leaf page, naturally. Pick out a map about one third the size of your page, one that shows the State borders. A heavy piece of glass on some books, with an electric light beneath, will make an excellent tracing table. Trace with pencil, and ink in with India ink. Ordinary red ink will do to mark the park.

Make a stamp border for your stamp near the top of the page, leaving enough room for the heading. You will still have some space left for a write-up of the park. Our illustration shows how a page might look, arranged as we have just described. We think a set of National Park stamps mounted in this way will be a desirable addition to any album of U. S. commemoratives.

While we are on the subject of maps, we might add that the various stamps issued in honor of State anniversaries could well be combined with an outline map of the State. In this case, however, it might be better to put the stamp border inside the map, which should naturally be larger in proportion to the page. You could indicate the town

where the first-day sale took place. Thus for our most recent State commemorative, an outline map of Michigan filling most of the page, with a stamp border in the upper half and the city of Lansing clearly marked, would make a very attractive display.

Try your hand at map making. It will add zest to your album work, and will immeasurably increase the interest of your book to noncollectors.

## Exchange

Use Commemoratives on Your Exchange Letters

Robert Mathews, Route 1, Dunkirk, New York, would like to trade about 500 different foreign stamps from 35 countries for U. S. commemoratives before 1928, old regular issues, parcel post, and revenues. His exchange stamps are in good condition.

Aaron J. Harder, Bin 8, Lodi, California, would like to secure stamps from British colonies and dominions. He can offer stamps from South Africa, Northern and Southern Rhodesia, Angola, Southwest Africa, England, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Canada, United States, Philippines, Brazil, Mexico, China, Japan, and Australia.

Opal Miller, 1817 Springfield Avenue, Mobile, Alabama, has stamps from France, Belgium, Japan, Germany, Netherlands, Hungary, and Great Britain to exchange for those from every country, especially Netherlands, Germany, Japan, and United States.

John Vitale, 627 Ferguson Avenue, Dayton, Ohio, has just started collecting, and would appreciate help from the more advanced collectors among INSTRUCTOR readers. I am sure he will be glad to acknowledge all contributions.

## Victor Emmanuel III

THE people of Italy have a deep affection for the quiet, modest little man who occupies the Italian throne. They have not forgotten the courage and self-sacrifice he showed during the war, when believing that his



place was with the soldiers, he went to the front, leaving the government in the hands of his uncle, Duke Ferdinand of Genoa. Victor Emmanuel III remained at the front throughout the war, constantly visiting exposed sections of the trenches, and inspiring the soldiers with confidence.

In 1922, when the Fascists under Mussolini marched on Rome, Victor Emmanuel again displayed the spirit of self-sacrifice which has made him so deeply loved. The governor of the city was about to decree martial law and resist the attackers. The king, realizing that to do this would involve Italy in civil war, refused to sign the decree, although he knew that with the Fascists in power he would be reduced to the status of a puppet monarch.

Today the king in Italy is practically without political power. Yet the people still regard him as their ruler, and they continue to tender him the respect due to the monarch of a great nation.—*Courtesy, H. E. Harris & Co.*



## Christian Service Through the Progressive Classes

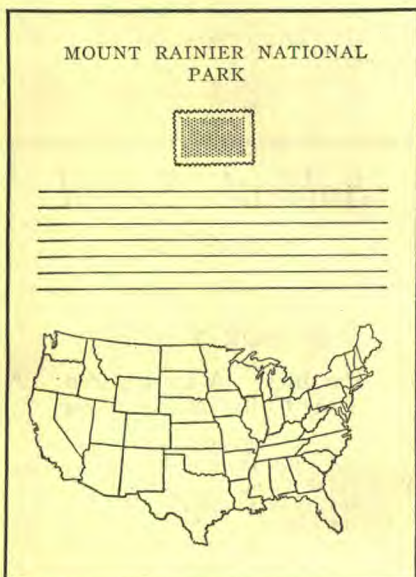
SOUTHERN ASIA, probably the strongest fortress of heathenism, has its army of Missionary Volunteers. This army is not so large as we would like it to be, but it is growing, and while it grows it is working and doing its part in the finishing of God's work in this part of the world.

There is a rapidly growing interest in the Progressive Classes out here. During the last two years, over one hundred of our young people have become Friends, Companions, or Comrades, and we are proud of the fact that two of our Indian Missionary Volunteers have become Master Comrades. This field needs consecrated native leadership, and the Progressive Classes are being used of God to develop these leaders.

I was recently a visitor at our high school and junior college, away up almost 7,000 feet in the Himalaya Mountains, at Mussoorie. One Sabbath a special program was arranged to promote the Progressive Classes. There had been a prevailing sentiment among the students and others

that, with a heavy school program, it would not be possible to fit in the work and studies which these classes involved. Two of those taking part in the special program told how the Progressive Classes were being conducted in other schools in India. They said that the enthusiasm of the students was such that they made time and opportunity for these additional classes. The response from the Vincent Hill School students was wonderfully good, more than half of the boys and girls volunteering to join the various Progressive Classes. The leaders are vitally interested, and there is every reason to believe that the enthusiasm will continue till the end of the school year, when it is hoped that there will be a goodly number ready for an inspiring Investiture service.

In the course of this special program referred to, an incident was mentioned which illustrates the value of the Progressive Class work in these mission fields. A girl student at one of our schools in the Punjab joined the Progressive Classes, and eventually qualified for the Friend insignia. During the school vacation



Here is the way your album page might look with a map traced in as we have suggested. The lines represent your own write-up of the park. We could not, of course, show the park area in red with our one-color printing.



she returned to her home, in a village characteristic of the thousands of villages in that part of India. Her people were not Christians. She was subject in the home and in the neighborhood to the treatment which Mohammedanism gives to its girls and women. But the girl was fired with the zeal of her "high calling." She was now a "servant of God and a friend to man"! She began conducting a Sabbath school with no help nor encouragement from friends or relatives. The Sabbath school was such a success, and the influence of this Missionary Volunteer "Friend" so powerful, that by the end of the school vacation there was an urgent appeal made by the people of the neighborhood for an evangelistic worker to be sent to continue the excellent work begun by the girl. Eternity will reveal the fruits of the service thus rendered by an Indian girl whose vision of Christian service grew almost entirely from the Progressive Classes.

May God give us thousands of Friends, Companions, Comrades, and Master Comrades throughout the world, who, having caught this Indian girl's vision, will go forth in humble, simple ways to guide sin-sick souls to the Great Physician.

T. J. MICHAEL,  
M. V. Secretary, Southern  
Asia Division.



### The M. V. Thermometer

Look at the engine speeding along the track. It is the great burden bearer of the commercial world. But shut off the steam, and it becomes useless to man. Every Missionary Volunteer Society should be a powerful engine for speeding to the world the last message of mercy. But it takes steam to move the engine, and there can be no steam if the water falls one degree short of boiling. Even one member, if unfaithful, may cause the society thermometer to drop. Then see to it that your Christian experience always registers 212° Fahrenheit. Keep the flame hot and the water boiling. Never let your fuel supply run low. You will find some of the fuel you need stored away in the chamber of secret prayer, some among the books of the Bible; and some must be gleaned from the field of Christian service.

On a Fahrenheit thermometer the boiling point for water stands at 212°. To the steam engine that point means power and efficiency; to the yam it means to be fitted to be food for man. What does it mean by the M. V. thermometer? Below we give a suggestive M. V. thermometer whereby any young person may determine his own temperature.

212° (Boiling)—Very enthusiastic. A member of the society. Attends regularly. Always on time. Helps

on programs. Is active in doing missionary work. Reports faithfully. Takes part in social and prayer meetings. Gives to missions. Observes the Morning Watch daily. Studies the Bible. Takes a Missionary Volunteer Reading Course. Is or will become a member of Attainment. Works unceasingly for others. Never grows cold, but warms those around. Strives to live a consistent Christian life, and is an inspiration to all.

90° (Warm)—A member in fairly good standing. Attends meetings quite regularly. Often late. Sometimes inattentive. Does some missionary work. Occasionally reports. Takes part in social and prayer services when in good spirits. Gets discouraged easily. Condition and influence are dangerous.

55° (Cold)—Goes to meeting occasionally. Usually late. Belongs to the society. Seldom takes part. Does no other missionary work. Never reports. Criticizes freely. Often restless in meeting. Has just enough religion to be miserable, but not enough to keep happy. Condition is very precarious.

32° (Freezing)—Goes to meeting once in a while. Usually late. Does not belong to the society. Does no missionary work. Clings to sin. Is dying fast.

0° (Zero)—Does no missionary work. Never goes to meeting. Is dead.

*What is your temperature?*

MRS. E. E. ANDROSS,  
M. V. Secretary, Inter-  
American Division.

### Counsel Corner

*I went with two other boys who stole some watermelons from a neighbor. I helped carry them away and eat them, and am no doubt as guilty as they. I have confessed this sin before God, and have claimed His promise of forgiveness. Should I confess my guilt to the owner and pay for the melons? I have thought that as he is a brother in Christ it would lower my character in his eyes, and would do more harm than good. Mrs. White says to confess your sins to God (only), and your faults one to another.*

God promises us that, "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." This confession, however, should not be made alone to God if it is something that involves other persons. God expects us to be definite in our confessions, and to make right everything that has injured others, as far as lies within our power.

In some communities the farmers freely reciprocate with each other,

and it is understood that each is at liberty to help himself to such fruits, melons, or vegetables as he may desire for his own immediate use. In such a community, to take a melon or two is not thought of as "stealing." However, in other communities there is no understanding of this kind, and the person who takes such liberties is frowned upon as a thief and lays himself liable to prosecution.

Regardless of local opinion, it is always honorable and preferable to ask for things of this kind rather than to help oneself to them without making such request. But all this, however, must be a matter of individual conscience, and if there is any doubt in what is to be confessed, it would be better to confess unnecessarily and to try to make restoration than not to confess the thing that might be held against you. Even though the one to whom you confess does not deem confession necessary, most people will appreciate a conscientious attitude and respect you for your convictions.

In the little pocket edition of "Steps to Christ," page 38, we find the following paragraph: "True confession is always of a specific character, and acknowledges particular sins. They may be of such a nature as to be brought before God only; they may be wrongs that should be confessed to individuals who have suffered injury through them; or they may be of a public character, and should then be as publicly confessed. But all confession should be definite and to the point, acknowledging the very sins of which you are guilty."

This makes it very clear that if you have injured some one else, you should go to that person and frankly acknowledge your wrong and ask his forgiveness for it. When this has been done, you are in the place where God can honor your heart cry to Him for His forgiveness and cleansing power.

C. LESTER BOND.

### Sabbath School Lessons

#### SENIOR YOUTH

#### II—Parables: A Lost Sheep; A Lost Coin; A Lost Son

(January 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Luke 15:1-23; Matthew 18:11-14.

MEMORY VERSE: Luke 15:18.

LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 186-211 (new edition, pp. 187-213).

#### Questions

1. When occasion offered, of what did the Pharisees accuse Jesus? Luke 15:1, 2.
2. What parable teaches that one lost person is supremely precious in God's sight? Verses 3-6. Note 1.
3. How did Jesus apply the parable? Verse 7.



4. What other parable was given to show that angels rejoice over the repentance of one sinner? Verses 8-10.
5. In the parable of the prodigal, for what did the younger son ask? Verses 11, 12.
6. How did he show his lack of appreciation for what his father had done for him? Verse 13. Note 2.
7. What was the result of his extravagant living? Verses 14-16.
8. When he had time to consider, what did he resolve to do? Verses 17-19.
9. How was he received by his father? Verse 20. Note 3.
10. What did the prodigal at once acknowledge? What shows the readiness with which the father forgave him? Verses 21-24.
11. When the elder son came near the house, what did he hear? What did he ask one of the servants? What answer did the servant give? Verses 25-27.
12. What complaint did the elder son make to his father? Verses 28-30.
13. How did the father show his love for both sons? Verses 31, 32.

### Notes

1. "When the lost sheep is found, the shepherd elevates it to his shoulder, and returns with rejoicing. He does not return murmuring and censuring the poor lost sheep for having made him so much trouble; but his return with the burden of the sheep is with rejoicing.

"And a still greater demonstration of joy is demanded. Friends and neighbors are called to rejoice with the finder, 'for I have found my sheep which was lost.' The finding was the theme of rejoicing; the straying was not dwelt upon; for the joy of finding overbalanced the sorrow of the loss and the care, the perplexity and the peril, incurred in searching for the lost sheep and restoring it to safety."—*Testimonies*, Vol. III, p. 99.

"By the lost sheep Christ represents not only the individual sinner, but the one world that has apostatized, and has been ruined by sin. This world is but an atom in the vast dominions over which God presides; yet this little fallen world—the one lost sheep—is more precious in His sight than are the ninety and nine that went not astray from the fold."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 190.

2. "This younger son had become weary of the restraint of his father's house. He thought that his liberty was restricted. His father's love and care for him were misinterpreted, and he determined to follow the dictates of his own inclination.

"The youth acknowledges no obligation to his father, and expresses no gratitude; yet he claims the privilege of a child in sharing his father's goods. The inheritance that would fall to him at his father's death he desires to receive now. He is bent on present enjoyment, and cares not for the future."—*Id.*, pp. 198, 199.

3. In this parable is represented God's willingness to receive the repentant sinner. "But even this parable, tender and touching as it is, comes short of expressing the infinite compassion of the heavenly Father. The Lord declares by His prophet, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.' While the sinner is yet far from the Father's house, wasting his substance in a strange country, the Father's heart is yearning over him; and every longing awakened in the soul to return to God, is but the tender pleading of His Spirit, wooing, entreating, drawing the wanderer to his Father's heart of love."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 59.

STUDY HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 186-211 (new edition, pp. 187-213).

PLACE: Jesus was doubtless in Perea, the country east of the Jordan, when He gave this instruction.

PERSONS: Jesus and His disciples; Pharisees, scribes, publicans, and people.

### Setting of the Lesson

In the parable of the lost sheep, Jesus appealed to the experience of His hearers. "The wide-spreading tablelands on the east of Jordan afforded abundant pasturage for flocks, and through the gorges and over the wooded hills had wandered many a lost sheep, to be searched for and brought back by the shepherd's care. In the company about Jesus there were shepherds, and also men who had money invested in flocks and herds, and all could appreciate His illustration."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 186, 187.

The parable of the prodigal son has been called "the crown and pearl of all our Lord's parables." A great English writer refers to it as "the most touching story in all literature."

### Questions

1. Upon one occasion, what caused the Pharisees and scribes to find fault with Jesus? Luke 15:1, 2.

2. What parable did Jesus speak to make known the worth of one lost soul? In the parable, how many sheep were mentioned? What would the owner do if one was missing? How long would he search? Verses 3, 4. Note 1.

3. How did the shepherd still further show his love for the wandering sheep? What did he call upon his friends to do? What did Jesus say caused rejoicing in heaven? Verses 5-7. Note 2.

4. What further parable was given to show the love of God for the lost? Verses 8-10. Note 3.

5. In the parable of the prodigal, what request did the younger son make? Verses 11, 12. Note 4.

6. How did the younger son show his independent spirit? Verse 13. Note 5.

7. What was the result of following his own inclinations? How serious did his situation become? Verses 14-16.

8. In his distress, of what did he think? What decision did he make? What did he plan to say to his father? Verses 17-19. Note 6.

9. What shows that the father was anxiously awaiting his son's return? How did he manifest his great love? Verse 20. Note 7.

10. What confession did the son make? What shows the fullness of the father's forgiveness? Verses 21-24. Note 8.

11. Where was the elder son when his brother returned home? How did he learn of what had occurred? Verses 25-27.

12. What effect did this have upon the elder son? What would he not do? Verse 28.

13. What did he say in reply to his father's entreaty? Verses 29, 30. Note 9.

14. How were the father's unfeeling love and wisdom shown in his reply? Verses 31, 32. Note 10.

### Notes

1. "In the parable the shepherd goes out to search for one sheep—the very least that can be numbered. So if there had been but one lost soul, Christ would have died for that one."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 187.

2. "You, Pharisees, said Christ, regard yourselves as the favorites of heaven. You think yourselves secure in your own righteousness. Know, then, that if you need no repentance, My mission is not to you. These poor souls who feel their poverty and sinfulness, are the very ones whom I have come to rescue. Angels of heaven are interested in these lost ones whom you despise. You complain and sneer when one of these souls joins himself to Me; but know that angels rejoice, and the song of triumph rings through the courts above."—*Id.*, pp. 189, 190.

3. "The two parables represent different classes. The lost sheep knows that it is lost. It has left the shepherd and the flock, and it cannot recover itself. It represents those who realize that they are separated from God, and who are in a cloud of perplexity, in humiliation, and sorely tempted. The lost coin represents those who are lost in trespasses and sins, but who have no sense of their condition. They are es-

tranged from God, but they know it not. Their souls are in peril, but they are unconscious and unconcerned. . . . The sheep wandered away from the fold; it was lost in the wilderness or upon the mountains. The piece of silver was lost in the house. It was close at hand, yet it could be recovered only by diligent search."—*Id.*, pp. 193, 194.

4. According to Jewish law, the elder son would receive a double and the younger a single portion of the property at their father's death. In granting the request of the younger son, the father gave him the equivalent of his portion in money, and nothing more would be due him when his father should die.

5. "With money in plenty, and liberty to do as he likes, he flatters himself that the desire of his heart is reached. There is no one to say, Do not do this, for it will be an injury to yourself; or, Do this, because it is right. Evil companions help him to plunge ever deeper into sin."—*Id.*, p. 199.

6. "I have sinned." No doubt when this young man was fretting against the discipline of home and planning a way of escape, he could call his conduct independence. After he had run through his means, and friends had forsaken him, he called it ill luck. Even when he began his reflections which resulted in his coming to himself, he only called it folly. But at last he found the right name, and humbly confessed, "I have sinned."

7. "Little did the gay, thoughtless youth as he went out from his father's gate, dream of the ache and longing left in that father's heart. When he danced and feasted with his wild companions, little did he think of the shadow that had fallen on his home. And now as with weary and painful steps he pursues the homeward way, he knows not that one is watching for his return. But while he is yet 'a great way off,' the father discerns his form. Love is of quick sight. Not even the degradation of the years of sin can conceal the son from the father's eyes. He 'had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck' in a long, clinging, tender embrace."—*Id.*, p. 203.

8. Shoes were worn only by freemen, never by slaves. The giving of the ring was in the East an emblem of restoring him not only to freedom, but to his former social rank, dignity, and power.

9. The great sin of the younger son was scorn of his father's love. The elder brother was actuated by the same spirit, though manifested in a different way. He was self-righteous, and was working for the benefits that should accrue to him. He misinterpreted his father's love, and was hardhearted toward his brother. The father does not give him merited rebuke, but tenderly pleads with him, to show him his error.

10. In studying the parable of the prodigal son, do not lose the preciousness of it by applying it to some one else. Whoever you are, the parable means *you*. Granted that the hard elder brother represents the position of the Pharisees toward the publicans and the Jews toward the Gentiles, we must still remember that the race of Pharisees is not extinct.



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SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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Place a ✓ in the space below each day when you study your lesson that day.

## JUNIOR

### II—Parable of the Lost Sheep; The Prodigal Son

(January 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 15:1-32.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURE: Matt. 18:11-14.

MEMORY VERSE: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Luke 15:10.





# The Listening Post



► **NANTUCKET ISLAND**, just off the coast of Massachusetts, was the world's greatest whaling port for 125 years.

► **KANSAS** adds three to the wonders of modern world: a balanced budget, a government voluntarily reducing taxes, and a popular Republican administration.

► **ON** the instrument board of a cross-country transport plane there are 41 flying controls, 46 panel instruments, 17 electrical switches, eight radio controls, and 3 ventilation controls. All these accessories are put to good use many times during an ordinary flight.

► **SANFORD BATES**, director of the Prison Bureau of the United States, is authority for the statement that twenty-five or thirty of the inmates of Alcatraz prison, which houses America's most dangerous criminals, are taking correspondence courses from the University of California. Al Capone is not among them. The men must do this studying on their own time.

► **THE** State of Florida is making plans to put its large herds of wild horses, which have for years been a source of aggravation, into harness in aiding the unemployed. The animals are to be rounded up and tamed by relief-paid workers, then turned over to destitute farm families in need of stock. The origin of these horses is not known definitely, but it is believed that they come from some of the stock abandoned by early settlers.

► **JAMES H. BREASTED**, head of Oriental Institute at Chicago University, who for the past few weeks has been inspecting the institute's various expeditions in the Near and Middle East, reports from Cairo, Egypt, that the government of Iran (Persia) has finally agreed to allow the institute to take 30,000 cuneiform tablets, found at Persepolis, to Chicago for deciphering. The tablets, in the Alamite language, were discovered more than two years ago in the ruins of the two great palaces built by the emperors Darius and Xerxes.

► **A** **POULTRY** farm near Cockeysville, Maryland, employs factory methods, and condenses what ordinarily would require 610 acres into a single acre of ground. Here an average of 61,000 chickens live in tiers of wire cages, with as many as 25,000 laying hens in one large, air-conditioned, disinfected, thermostatically heated and cooled, photo-electrically lighted room. There are no nests. The hens never reach the ground, never go outdoors. They live, singly, in batteries of little wire cages in tiers six or seven high. The floor of each cage is of the same wire mesh as the sides and tilts toward the front. Eggs, when laid, roll down into a little rack outside, to be picked up by attendants on hourly collection rounds. A conveyor belt runs on each tier, affording a constant supply of food within easy reach at the back of each cage. From a metal nipple at the top there is a constant drip of water. Under the cages runs a second conveyor belt which catches the waste and carries it to a bin, from which is drawn a supply of high-grade fertilizer. As neat and clean as their surroundings are the 21 employees. The women wear spotlessly white uniforms and caps, and the men, crisp striped linen trousers and coats.

► **MANY** useful and necessary things have been discovered by accident. One of them is the Turkish bath towel that we find so satisfactory. A manufacturer of fine, smooth toweling had some trouble with his machinery, and instead of coming through as usual, the threads were long and loose and tangled. He had the lot thrown to one side to be discarded. Later, his hands having become coated with oil, he wiped them on some of the discarded toweling. Much to his surprise, he noted that the rough cloth absorbed the oil much quicker than the smooth. He began experimenting, and found it also absorbed water much better than the smooth fabric. Finally he decided to manufacture some of this material as a venture. It immediately found favor with the buying public, and his fortune was assured.

► **IT** is recorded that the loudest noise ever registered by the unaided ear of man was the explosion of the volcano Krakatoa which occurred August 6, 1883. It was heard distinctly in parts of Australia, 3,000 miles away. Krakatoa is a small volcanic island in the middle of the Sunda Strait, which separates Java from Sumatra in the Dutch East Indies.

► **ROBERT R. NATHAN**, of the Division of Economic Research, writing recently in the Monthly Survey of Current Business of the Department of Commerce, gave his estimate of the cost of the depression to business. It is \$26,631,000,000.

► **THE** poor memory of United States citizens is evidenced by the fact that \$300,000,000 in cold cash lies unclaimed in the banks of the country—dormant accounts which have evidently been forgotten.

► **THE** Federal Shipping Board is authority for the statement that travel to Europe on American ships during May, June, and July of this year was the largest since 1929.

► **AS** one result of their campaign for "feminine equality" the women of Turkey have won the right to be conscripted for the army—the privilege of fighting in the ranks.

► **THE** country of Chile furnishes 90 per cent of the iodine used in the world.



The strongest man may be knocked down—but he doesn't stay down."

► **ONE** birth in every ninety-three in the United States brings twins.

► **SIXTEEN** million tons of snow and water fall somewhere on the earth every second.

► **THERE** are flying snakes in Java which have the ability to flatten themselves out like a ribbon and sail from branch to branch of trees or to the ground.

► **A** **SURVEY** of the habits of 100,000 American housewives has brought to light the fact that a woman opens her refrigerator door on an average of forty-eight times a day.

► **THE** United States and Canada, represented by President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King of Canada, have agreed to work together under a new trade agreement, which removes tariff barriers on 767 items of commerce.

► **RAISING** garden truck and peddling it from door to door proved unsatisfactory to a New York State farmer; so he organized a club of 100 members and planted for them, on his own place, rows of peas, sweet corn, or whatever the members desired. He charged a dollar a row to fertilize, plant, and cultivate their gardens, and the members had the pleasure of driving out to the farm and gathering their own fresh vegetables. While they were on the spot the thrifty farmer sold them fresh butter, eggs, and honey.

► **THE** National Association of Audubon Societies arises to the defense of the American eagle. "There are, of course, perfectly valid stories of children, especially small boys, attacking eagles and getting themselves painfully clawed for their temerity," says Warren F. Eaton, of the staff of the association. "And there are, unfortunately, all too many cases of newspapers' printing stories—or yarns—about eagles' stealing children. That is sheer nonsense, for the good reason that an eagle could not lift more than its own ten to fourteen pounds of dead weight, even if it wanted to do so—which it probably does not." Investigations by the association, it is stated, have yet to produce "a valid case of an eagle's attacking a child."

► **WHAT** is described officially as the oldest manuscript of any part of the Bible in any language has been found recently in an old collection of papyri in the Rylands Library at Manchester, England. It consists of part of the Greek manuscript of the Gospel of St. John, written 200 years before the Codex Sinaiticus. The document has been lost for centuries in the rubbish heap of Egyptian material in the library. "It was probably written in the last part of the first century or the early part of the second," according to Henry Cuppy, librarian. "Hitherto scholars have thought St. John's Gospel was one of the last written. This proves it to be one of the first." The Codex Sinaiticus, a fourth century manuscript, purchased from Russia by the British Museum in 1933, with the Codex Vaticanus, is regarded as final authority on the true text of the Bible. The newly found manuscript contains verses from the 18th chapter of St. John, dealing with Jesus Christ before Pilate.